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The Christ of the Andean Road

The famous peace statue at the summit of the Andes

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, the famous author of "The Christ of the Indian Road", evangelist to the intellectuals of India, friend of Gandi and Tagore, recently made a trip to South America under the auspices of the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America.

Here, reprinted from "The Christian Herald", is the story of this marvelous trip.

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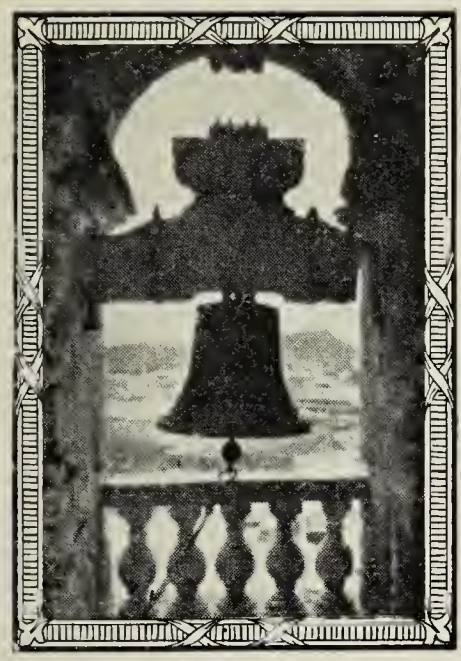


The Christ of the Andean Road

By E. STANLEY JONES

MEXICO and Central America keep us from seeing what is happening below in South America. We take it for granted that all Latin America is like the foreground, and nothing of importance lies in the background. In this we are deeply mistaken. No one can visualize what is happening in these Republics below us until he sees it, feels it, and catches the sheer throb of it. Then in his thinking and writing he begins to call on adjectives that express amazement and bigness. But soon these are exhausted, for the facts are greater than the verbal means of expressing them. When Roosevelt said, after his tour through these lands, "The development of the nineteenth century was in North America, but the development of the twentieth century will be in Latin America," he was utter-

ing a fact. For below us lies the largest and most fertile unoccupied territory of the world.

The arms of Latin America are open to immigrants, and Europe and Asia are responding. Since Brazil is so hospitable to Japanese immigrants, Japan has responded by advising her immigrants to be assimilated into the life of the country, and in order to do so to adopt the religion of the country to which they go. Argentina has a hotel at the dock at Buenos Aires, where five thousand immigrants, who are mostly from Europe, can be accommodated and looked after at government expense before they are sent out to the broad plains of the interior, where some of the most fertile land of the world awaits them.

Rio de Janeiro is the most beautiful city of the world, in my opinion. Never have I seen such a panorama as viewed the city and the harbor from the top of Copacabana. For sheer beauty and grandeur, certainly neither Naples nor Constantinople can be compared to it.

But I must not be tempted to go into the description of the body of this amazing civilization that is being built up I am chiefly interested in the soul that is to inhabit this growing body.

I was just about to be discouraged from taking this trip by those who knew the land. I was on the point of calling it off, for I was told that I could not reach the people in whom I have been most interested, the intellectuals; that I was going up against an entirely different proposition from India and her educated classes. I was informed that I could not reach them for about four reasons: that I would have to use an interpreter, that I did not know the intellectual and spiritual background, that the intellectuals were utterly indifferent to religion and would pass by on the other side and that I was from North America and would have no hearing on account of that fact, for North Americans, due to our Caribbean policy, are not popular in South American circles. (Peru and Brazil are possible exceptions.) In a of which there was some truth, but it turned out not to be the truth.

I did have to use interpreters but, except in one place, I did not find them an especial hindrance. The fact is that I had such splendid interpreters that they really heightened what I had to say. The definition of interpretation as "a compound fracture of an idea with immediate mortification setting in" did not hold true at all. There were no real fractures, so there was no mortification. As to the difference of background between Latin America and India, I found that this was exaggerated. The fact that the intellectuals were taking to Theosophy and Vedantism to fill the void made after their break with Roman Catholicism showed a spiritual affinity to the East. As to their being indifferent to religion, I found that they were indifferent only in the

sense that they saw nothing to be excited over in the traditional Christianity with which they were breaking. They thought this was all there was to Christianity. But that they are indifferent to the Gospel when it comes with New Testament freshness and in an intellectual framework that they can respect, I did not find it to be true. Whenever there was a real bearing they took it as a fish takes a fly.

To be a North American was a handicap—a real one. The fact is that Latin America is afraid of us. Dr. Ricardo Rojas, the rector of the University of Buenos Aires, put it to me this way: "The United States is heading straight toward the direction that Germany took. Her policy in the Caribbean shows that she has now become imperialistically minded. As the world combined against Germany, so the world will combine against the United States. Canada will be the place where Britain will marshal her force against you, Mexico the line where Latin Americans will combine, the Atlantic seaboard will be blockaded by European fleets, and the Pacific by the fleets of Asia."

I listened in amazement as I saw my country through Latin-American eyes. And this viewpoint was not exceptional, for the doctor who sat with us assented to the rector's views, and added that this represented the viewpoint of all the intellectuals.

"But why aren't you afraid of Britain since she holds railways all through Argentina?" was asked of a Y. M. C. A. Secretary, who had been with the very finest type of North Americans for a number of years.

The reply was: "We would have been afraid of Great Britain a hundred years ago, but her day has passed; the day of the United States is just beginning. We find in the United States two sides, one side that spreads philanthropy throughout the world and the other side that is pushing imperialism. It is the latter side that we are afraid of."

Strange to see one's country in that light, isn't it? And especially when we had thought ourselves the very opposite.

But when a high-placed American official says to me the following, we see that perhaps there is some basis for

Royal Palms

their fears: "We have special rights and privileges in the Caribbean, and we might as well announce that fact to the world. The world will accept it."

I assented that they would accept it, but how? The way Japan accepted it when in her encroachments upon China's province of Manchuria she quoted our Nicaraguan policy as a precedent for what she was doing in Manchuria. In other words, we were in danger of selling our birthright for a mess of pottage. And a rather nasty mess, too, it is liable to become.

However, I did not find my being a North American an especial handicap, for they thought of me as being in the framework of India rather than North America, and Latin America is interested in India.

In regard to handicaps in general, I did find that only when the eight series of meetings were over did I realize what could be done. By the time I had "caught on" to the situation, it was all over, and I longed to begin over again. Each series was better than the last, Chile being the best of all.

The Evangelical movement in Latin America was stronger than I had realized. Through almost insuperable obstacles the missionaries and the national pastors have built up schools and churches which are to be reckoned with. Many churches are self-supporting and are manned by many able men. But I found that what had happened in India was happening in South America: the movement was getting into a shell, it was becoming self-contained, an end in itself instead of a means; men were quite busy in keeping the machine of their own creation going, and in the meantime the great outside world was sweeping by and the Evangelical movement was not in it. Theosophy and Spiritism and Materialism were taking possession of the house of Man, soul empty and swept of the traditional faith. The problem was how to get out of the churches into the stream of the intellectual, social and political currents that were going through the soul of these great peoples.

In Rio de Janeiro I did not get out. It was my first place, and I did not know how to get out nor did the local people know how to get me out. The newspapers were interested in my coming to Latin America from India, but as soon as they saw that I was going into the evangelical churches, they dropped me, for they would not follow me there.

We had fairly good meetings in the evangelical churches, but I longed to get in touch with this throbbing outside life. I had one group of the intellectuals at a tea, and these leading men were cordial, even warm in their response as I presented Christ to them. But one isolated meeting with them was not enough. I was disappointed in the

meetings at Rio, though a few outsiders made decisions the last night they were held.

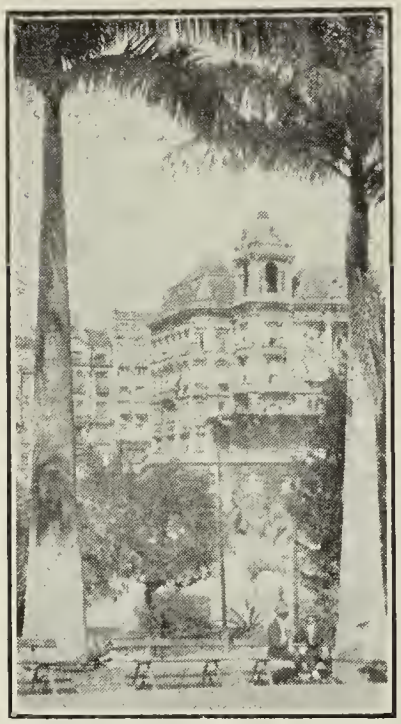
But I had learned not to fall between stools in this way and resolved that I would insist on getting out. In Juiz de Fora the meetings were better. The Southern Methodists had a standing in the city through the magnificent work of their college there. The public meeting in the Municipal Hall was well attended with leading men. A great many of the boys of the college—nearly all, in fact—made decisions to follow Christ. They were practically all from Roman Catholic homes. But the three days I was here were insufficient.

Sao Paulo is a Brazilian city of 800,000, and the nerve-center of the coffee-growing industry. Here we began to get out into these other classes. For two nights we were in a public hall in the city. The crowd was responsive and some of the more interested ones followed us into the meetings held in the large Southern Methodist Church. The single meeting at the MacKenzie College was packed with fine students, and they were most cordial in giving a real hearing. I would have liked to have had a series here. The best meeting for the outsiders was at the Y. M. C. A., where we had an after-meeting in which quite a number stayed for personal surrender to Christ. This meeting had the feel of a real battle on it. Here I was at grips with the tossed, doubting soul of the youth of Latin America. And one could feel the tenseness of feeling as I presented the claims of my Master.

The meetings each morning when we studied together methods of approach were meetings with the touch of power on them. But one can understand what kind of a mentality some of the Evangelicals have. In one place, where we had been at grips with a large crowd of religious questioners and skeptics, at the close a missionary had a knot of people about him in the corridor arguing the mode of baptism with them! We will have a lot to answer for in introducing innumerable sects to face a continent of need.

A hundred families from Alabama left the United States at the close of the Civil War to get to a place where they could be free to have slaves. They came to Brazil. The grim joke is that, leaving the United States on account of the negro question, they came to a land where slavery is not only abolished, but race amalgamation is going on to a greater extent than any other place in the world! They went from the frying-pan into the fire!

The Ambassador of the United States came to these people and told them of an offer of the United States Government to send all of them back at government expense, if they were willing to go. They decided that they were not willing to leave their adopted land.



Sao Paulo, third city of South America

Then the Ambassador asked the spokesman if he could do anything for them, and received the reply: "You may help us in two things—first help us to get rid of the pests that eat up our crops, and, second, get rid of those pastors who are dividing up our colony and keeping us from being united."

The Ambassador replied, "I can help you through government aid to get rid of the first pest, but I am afraid I can not do anything in regard to the second."

But it is only fair to say that the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America is doing a great deal to heal the divisions and to bring a united front into Protestantism. Prof. Erasmo Braga, an able Brazlian, is at the head of this committee in Brazil.

The meetings in Sao Paulo were the best I had had so far. Two days were spent at Santos, where I was to take ship for Montevideo. The meetings at Santos were all within the evangelical churches. Here I got in touch with a Hindu doctor who was aiding immigration from India to the coffee plantations of Brazil. I will try to assist him. After taking about four meetings a day on the average, I was glad of the three days' rest on board the beautiful Dutch ship, the Flaudria. She took me to one of the most interesting republics of the world, Uruguay.

During the war the Uruguayan dollar was above the United States dollar, and yet Uruguay is called "the experimenting ground for social theories and activities." An eight-hour day is compulsory, even for domestic servants, old-age pensions are in vogue, there are municipal meat, bread and fish shops to provide the average man with necessities, at a reasonable price, at no profit to the State.

There has recently been a separation of Church and State, and the separation has been with a vengeance. The President of the Republic wanted to see the beautiful new building of the Y. M. C. A., but could not because he could not be seen in a religious building.

"The newspapers would seethe if I did," he remarked.

Christmas has been changed into "Family Day," "Holy Week" has become "Tourist Week," and the "Fourth of July" and other such days have been put into the calendar

to take the place of Saints' days. Skepticism is fashionable.

My first meeting was a luncheon at the Y. M. C. A. with the leading intellectuals. I sat between the leading lady doctor in Uruguay, a representative on the League of Nations Commission on the White Slave Traffic, and a prominent lady who informed me that she was a Roman Catholic, but "I do not practice it," she concluded. Then she went around the circle and pointed out all the other women who were in the same position. It included nearly all.

At the close of my address the skeptical lady doctor said, "Well, if that is religion—how can we speak against it?" They had been rejecting a caricature.

One of the prominent lawyers, a brilliant lady, said to a friend, "Since attending these lectures I have been so impressed that I have been looking for a place to be converted." A place to be converted! I wonder if she has found it? Can the Evangelical churches provide her a spiritual home?

The Evangelical church in Montevideo will come the nearest to doing so of any I came across in South America. In fact, it was the only Evangelical church that seemed to form a bridge between those within and those without. Here the pastor, a deeply spiritual man, did not hesitate to do away with singing and prayers and have the addresses announced as "Conferencias" or "lectures"—this to the scandal of some of the saints, who, of course, became reconciled when they saw the outsiders coming into the church meetings and staying for personal surrender to Christ. These meetings were well attended, with about 500 out each night. At Montevideo I was joined by Dr. Howard, an Argentinian, who was to act as interpreter in Uruguay and Argentina.

The meetings among the girls of Crandon Institute were very fruitful. These girls had not escaped the skepticism that seems to infect the very atmosphere. But they were responsive when they saw I was not shocked when they opened their skeptical young hearts and told me of the doubts that were brooding there. Many made decisions to follow Christ. The meetings in the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. were crowded—the latter to overflowing. It was the kind of people I was longing to get hold of—the skeptical minded and those over whom the great sadness has come when faith has fled and left only a deep and aching void.

The Uruguayans are a lovable people. I could scarcely reply when the last night they presented me with a Uruguayan flag and a letter containing money to buy my wife an adding machine to help her in her arduous clerical work in far-off India. Bless them, they deeply touched me, and more so when they stood on the dock and sang in beautiful

Spanish, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." I went to bed dead tired, for the days had been strenuous, and tomorrow morning I was to wake up in Buenos Aires, the hub city of South America, and more strenuous weeks were ahead.

BUENOS AIRES is a modern city with its subway, its streets crammed with traffic and its bristling activity, but parks are everywhere and beautiful statuary adorn the open plazas.

One bit of beautiful statuary impressed me, for it was very revealing in regard to the attitude of Latin America toward religion. At the front of the statue facing the rising sun was a figure of a woman with a torch in her hand, representing Liberty; at one side of her was a youth pointing eagerly into the future; on the other was a woman with an open book before her, thinking—she represented Learning; at the feet of Liberty men were straining to push the ship of human progress into the future; on the other side of the statue were two men struggling to uncoil serpents that were crushing the life out of them, one had failed and had succumbed, the other with his face still toward the future was uncoiling with strained effort the serpent that had gripped him. This symbolized the moral battle that was being waged as men pushed into human progress.

At the rear, facing toward the setting sun, placidly sat the figure of Faith with a palm-leaf in one hand and an anchor in the other *and she was blindfolded.* That is the conception that the intellectuals of South America are holding toward religion, that is, religion as they see it in the Romanism which the progress of scientific thought is forcing them to abandon. Faith is turned away from human progress, does little or nothing to uncoil the serpents from the souls and bodies of men, but sits placidly, without inquiry, faced toward the setting sun of life, waiting a heavenly release. No wonder the educated mind of South America turns from this conception with indifference or with loathing and contempt. Traditionalism breeds atheism. In Valparaiso the shore is strewn with wrecks of ships that stayed in the harbor when the storms from the ocean sweep in. Those only are saved that deliberately get up steam and face the storms and make for the open sea. The anchorage of Romanism is strewn with wrecks. Almost the whole of the educated portion have made shipwreck of faith in the "safe" waters of that harbor of souls.

It was such a group that I faced on the first day of my stay in Buenos Aires. They had arranged a luncheon with fifteen of the outstanding men of the country: two rectors of universities, a dean of philosophy, the editor of the leading daily, the head of the Department of Education, sev-

eral lawyers, and others of that standing. One rector of a university had kept his faith by centering it upon "The Invisible Christ," thus loosing religion from a clamped ecclesiacticism. He is the leading literary man of Latin America and has written a book that is attracting a good deal of attention—a book with the above title. One of the group had turned to Buddhism, another had regained his faith through work for boys—the rest were frankly skeptical.

I could feel the iciness of this skepticism for the first few moments I was addressing them. But things changed when they saw that the faith that I held was not blindfolded, but open-eyed, was not turned toward the setting sun, but looking toward the dawn, the inspiration of youth, the soul of knowledge, the mainspring of liberty, power to men as they push the ship of human progress into the future—and, deepest of all, the redemption that breaks the power of the serpents around the struggling souls of men. This attitude came to them as a surprise—the surprise turned to deep appreciation and in the case of one at least into a complete transformation.

Some days later I saw him, and he said, "That day was the happiest day of my life: Since then I have been living in a new world. I had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, lost my faith through wide reading, have been trying to regain it, but that day I opened my heart to Christ and He has come in, and I have been a happy man ever since. A new world has opened up to me."

His tindered soul was awaiting a spark to set it aflame. When I asked him what he was going to do about it, he replied, "I will give it, for all the problems of our country are moral problems—this is what we need." He occupies one of the most influential positions in Latin America.

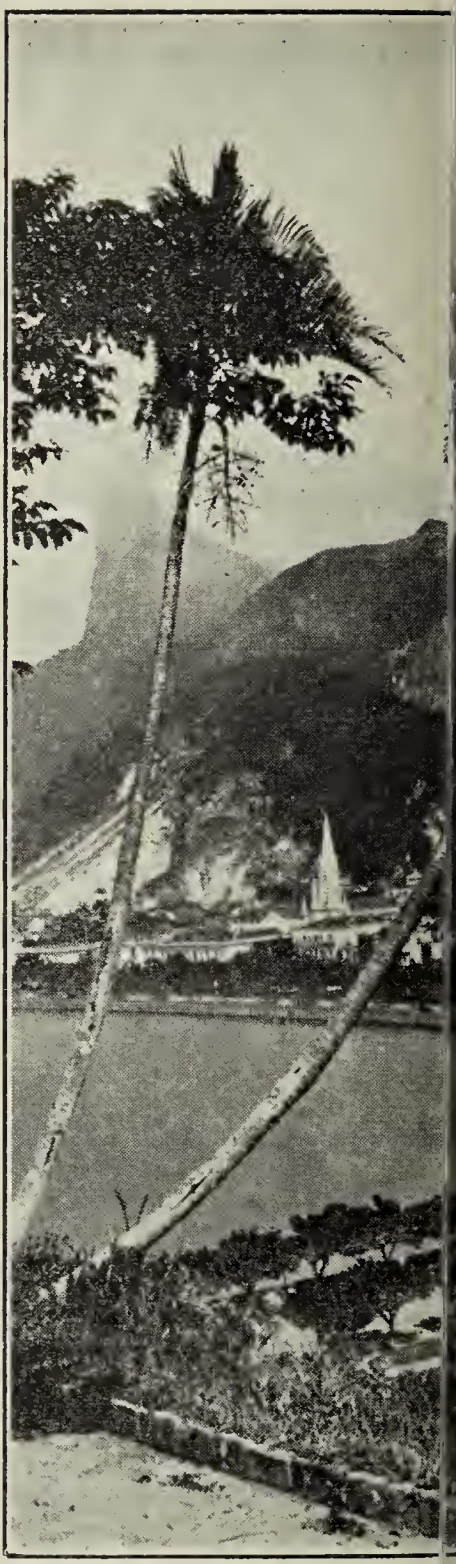
This group was not essentially different from another group made up of American business men who met at a luncheon at the hotel—fifty of them. As we sat down the chairman hinted, and more than hinted—spoke out and said that this group would not be interested in religion, but might be interested in the economic conditions of India.

At the close he said, "I take it all back. I am glad you talked to us in this way. This is what we need."

The soul of man is the same everywhere even though it be somewhat modified by intellectualism or commercialism. We are made for God and recognize our homeland when we see it.

The public meetings for the outsiders were held in the Y. M. C. A. They grew in numbers and interest, and each night we were able to hold an aftermeeting for those who wanted to find Christ. These aftermeetings were a perfectly natural sequel to the meetings, for in them one felt such a depth of heart hunger that it would have been a wrong to

these passion-tossed youth not to give them some chance to express this deep emotion in seeking. There was a feeling in some quarters that if a definite and aggressive evangelism were carried on in the Y. M. C. A., it would empty their buildings. We found on the contrary that it filled them—for men want nothing so much as they want God — if they only knew it!

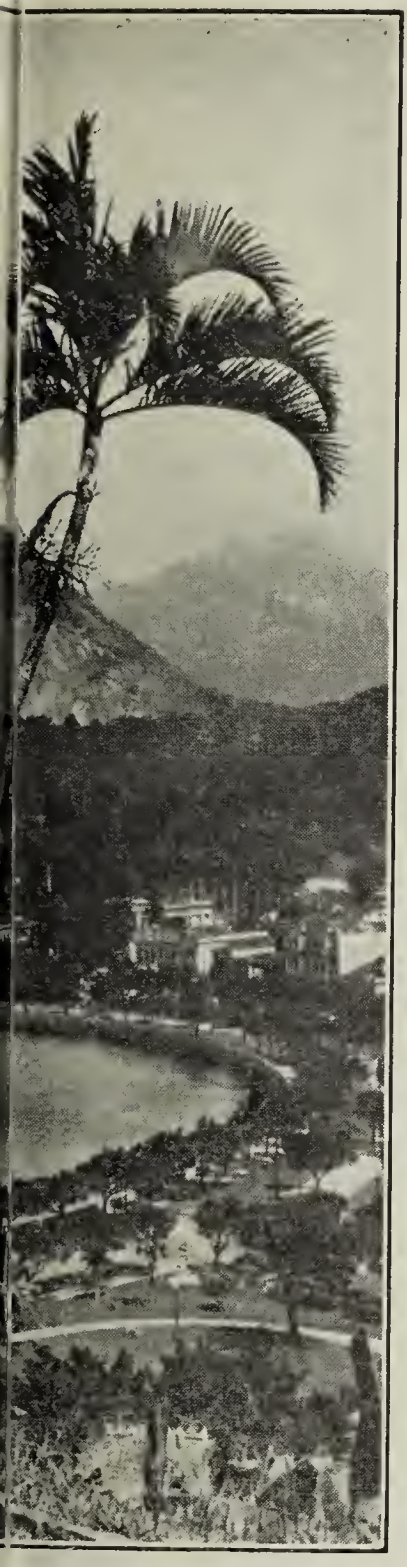


Botafoco, with Corcovad P

An outstanding case of a Dutch youth comes to my mind. He said to me at the close of one of the meetings: "Roman Catholicism has weakened me. It has made me afraid to think and afraid to face life." He found that Christ did the opposite, so he took Him!

One day at the American Ambassador's luncheon, I met a correspondent of a great North American newspaper. "Down here," he said "to write up the situation with local coloring and with human touches." I asked him if he had seen Mr. Morris, the head of the Morris schools of Buenos Aires—schools with 6,000 poor children in them, and all supported locally. Here was an Englishman, now an Argentine, who had literally lost himself in the life of the poor children of this country, had lost himself so completely that, though highly educated, he paused in his interpretation of my address to ask me what the Strait Settlements were! He knew slum settlements, but not the Strait Settlements; he was so busy setting up the empire of Christ that he could not keep up with the Empire of the land of his birth!

My newspaper correspondent had not heard of him, but told me that he was getting very interesting human mate-



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rial; for instance he had found out that in testing the long-distance telephone connections which were being put through to other countries, they always used the phrase, "Have you any beer?" That was a human touch! But he had not heard of Morris who was doing more than any man in South America to bring a new humanity into being!

I talked to several hundred teachers of the Morris schools, the Minister of Education for Argentine was there, also government inspectors. It was a moving moment when at the close the Minister of Education arose voluntarily and said that he wished all the university professors and teachers of the State had been there. Then he went on to say, "I agree that Christ the Divine word and His Gospel are essential, for the teacher and the scholar, and that only the Christian teacher possesses resources necessary for the fulfilment of his task. Strange movements and awakenings are being felt among us. Men not in the ministry of any Church are beginning to write about Christ. These are signs that a need is being felt and confessed, and men are seeking to have that need satisfied in the Divine." That sounds commonplace to the ears of some of us, but to have a government official commit himself in this way before teachers and inspectors, and this in an environment that has tabooed religion as a superstition, meant a great deal.

"This was your greatest moment in South America," said Dr. Brown, the efficient pastor of the American church, "for this will echo through the whole of the educational system of the Argentine." It was a great moment to see

these splendid teachers, most all of them Roman Catholic, deeply moved, some in tears. But it was not the greatest moment, for Chile held great things.

During the Buenos Aires meetings I broke away long enough to go to Rosario for a day and a half, and in that time gave nine addresses, one of them in the university to a fine crowd. It was the first time an evangelical address had been given there, and at the close the Protestant pastors exclaimed, "Wonderful that you could give such a message here in this place, and there was no riot or disturbance of any kind, only breathless attention." But why not? Are not men made for this?

I haven't the space to tell of the meetings in the churches in Buenos Aires, including the noonday series for men in the Anglican Cathedral. Each day there was a group to study methods of approach in Evangelism, and they were seasons of power. Some missionaries came as far as 500 miles up in the interior to attend them. In the night meetings in the beautiful American church, crowds filled the building, and hundreds expressed their intention to lead a new life.

"I have never seen people respond so easily and without urging," said an experienced worker. This both among the English and the Spanish-speaking peoples. We had meetings for both. My arms ached from shaking hands so much. The Latin American shakes hands at least three times before he has adequately said "Good-by" or "Thank you"! They are a warm-hearted, lovable people. I said good-by to them with a great deal of regret as the international train pulled out for Chile.

This trip across the beautiful broad plains of the fertile land of Argentina to the Andes, and then up over the mountains, should have an article itself, but must be dismissed with a word or two. An English company operates this railway to the Chilean border. By the way, it is amazing to see how the British have impressed their character upon Latin America. "The word of an Englishman" is synonymous with truth and veracity, and is used to point in affirmation (in Peru and Brazil this refers to a North American as well). "English time" is real time in contrast to local time. When objection was raised in the Congress of Argentina during the war to a loan being made to Britain, and the Minister of Finance was asked what security they had obtained from Britain he replied, "In our dealings with Great Britain her signature is always sufficient." But, this by the way. The British charge well for their honesty, for the railway journey to Chile is the most expensive railway journey of the world!

The journey over the Andes is sometimes interrupted by being blocked by snow. However, we were fortunate enough to get through without interruption, as numerous snow-

sheds made interruptions less than formerly. This railway, rising to 11,000 feet, passed under "the Christ of the Andes," which stands on the border line between Argentina and Chile with the inscription upon it, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." We could not see the statue, but could feel it, and were deeply grateful to womanhood for it, for the idea of "the Christ of the Andes" was suggested by a woman.

Santiago is a most beautiful city with its snow-capped peaks surrounding the beautiful valley in which it is situated. Our first meeting was held in the University Hall—the first time such an evangelical address had been given there. There was only one condition attached to my speaking there, namely, that I should not preach Bolshevism. The auditorium was packed with the finest people of the city. Even the High Priestess of Theosophy had to go to the third balcony for a seat. They were wonderful in their courteous, respectful attention.

This was a good beginning for our meetings in Santiago, and this beginning was followed up by having the rest of the meetings in a public hall instead of in the churches or in the Y. M. C. A. This neutral ground made it possible for people to come who otherwise could not have come, since the Roman Church or caste forbade it. This series of meetings in the Swiss Hall proved to be the best I had had so far. Extra chairs had to be put in and still several hundred people had to stand. This spontaneous response opened my eyes to what could be done on neutral ground. My audiences in India, were certainly not as responsive as this audience in the Swiss Hall, and yet the audience was largely made up of skeptics, Roman Catholics, and Theosophists.

Each night I had an after-meeting for questions and personal decision. Sometimes we went on for nearly three hours, and yet they stayed on. The last night when I asked for those to stay who desired to make a personal decision for Christ, there were 500 in that after-meeting. I quite realize that the Latin American is courteous and polite, so that this after-meeting with 500 in it might mean little. But at least it meant that here was heart-hunger of a very deep kind. They asked me to pray with and for them. My interpreter, a Chilean, as surprised as I was, remarked to me, "It has never been seen this way in Chile before—among this class. This is a new day." A leading Theosophist said, "If I had known that the Gospel meant this, I should never have become a Theosophist."

The feeling was so tense that it seemed not out of place when a Chilean of German extraction mounted the platform and said they should give me "the Chilean hug" in saying goodby. That German-Chilean-Christian embrace

was their way of saying, "Hallelujah"! It was the expression of their gratitude for the Gospel. I took it and passed it on to Him—the author of that Gospel! A great many signed up to attend Study Groups on the life of Christ.

The girls of the Santiago College, nearly all of whom had made a decision for Christ, expressed their gratitude by presenting me with a beautiful silk Chilean flag, and by forming themselves into an "Ever-Serving-Jesus Club." And yet these were nearly all from Roman Catholic or skeptical homes. A great many of the boys of the Institute Inglés also made decisions.

I was told that the rector of the University was not interested in religion, but soon found that there was interest in a religion that had open eyes, an open mind and an open heart, and that was centered in Christ. He as many others were rejecting only caricatures of Christianity. I addressed the school of Pedagogy—the first time I believe an evangelical message had been given here. The question of a youth at the close revealed the ordinary mind about God: "What do you mean by God as a working fact?"—God as a dogmatic assertion, they knew about, but God as a working experimental fact they knew nothing about. But they were eager to know.

The meetings in Santiago were the best series we had had, but Valparaiso was to be better. My first engagement on arrival was a luncheon with the editors of the daily papers. It was great to sit around the table and talk to these men about Christ. And it did not seem to jar the slightest—they wanted it. Two other public luncheons were held, one with the educationalists and one with a mixed group. The leading educationalist said rather sadly, "I wish I could live what he is talking about, but I can not." He felt the demand of the ideal, but had not tasted the power that lies at the heart of the Gospel. The leading Theosophist of all Chile was at one of these luncheons.

The opening public meeting in Valparaiso was in the Ateneo, and it was so packed that many were turned away, while many stood about doors and in aisles. There was not the slightest sense of uneasiness as I passed on in my subject to Christ. The fact is the attention became breathless as Christ began to grow luminous before them. This meeting had the best people of the city in it, including representatives of the military and educationalist departments of the Government.

At the close of this meeting three Chilean ladies, one an atheist, another a Theosophist, and the third a Roman Catholic asked me if I would address the school children of the upper classes of the public-high schools. This meeting was one of the most important I had in South America. They were so responsive that they did most of the speaking by their eager listening. At the close, the brilliant, athe-

istic head-mistress of one of the largest schools, said to me in broken English. "Excuse me, I very weeping." And there was nothing to weep about except the Good News! Except the Good News! But shouldn't the very thought of it make us burst into tears of unspeakable joy?

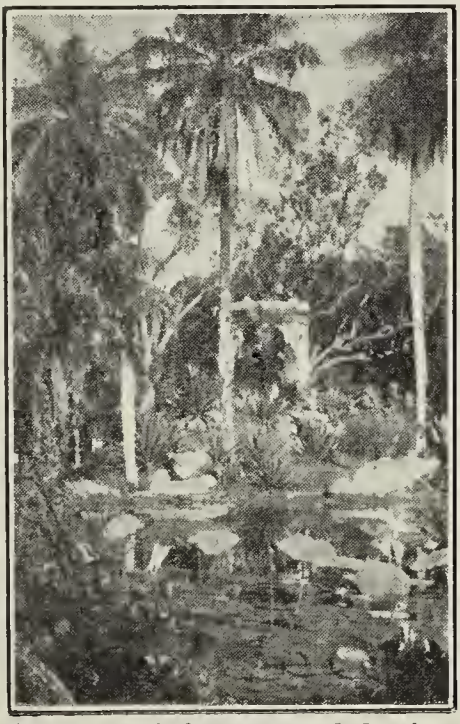
Then it was proposed by the teachers, themselves, that I talk to the whole of the public-school teachers of the city. They filled the Ateneo, and no one could ask for a more intelligent, eager or responsive crowd than those teachers. They requested that my address be published in their educational journal, and yet I pleaded all the way through, for Christian Character in the teacher. Most of them were supposed to be skeptics, but they were just empty-souled folks, "standing between two altars, one dead and the other not yet born." To bring that new to birth is our joyous task.

It was arranged that I have a conference with the leading Roman Catholic priests of the city. They were eager to have it, but when the Bishop heard of it he forbade it.

The crowds came to the Y. M. C. A. hall each night. The question-time was most illuminating. It revealed the interest and problem-spots. They usually centered about three things: Roman Catholicism, God, and Theosophy. Now and then there was a question that showed that the questioner was a communist (communism has been put down with a heavy hand by the present dictatorship in Chile).

One question revealed the torn allegiances of the soul: "Is it right for me to come to these meetings? I have been forbidden to do so by my church authorities, but something I can not understand draws me here. Am I doing right in coming?" The audience showed its interest in the question, for they unexpectedly applauded my answer.

The Theosophists were very eager to draw me out about Krisnamurti and the doctrine of reincarnation. While I was in Chile the papers stated that Krishnamurti had renounced his messiahship. It is easy to renounce what you haven't. The cult of Krishnamurti is an insult to the intelligence of the world—but it is also deeply revealing as to the soul hunger that



A corner of the Botanical Garden at Rio de Janeiro

underlies our superficialities. Men want Christ near, and as He is not near in experience they try to bring Him near in expectation. Hence the pathos of Krishnamurtiism.

Many of the questions revealed that there was just sheer nothing to take the place of the fallen power of religion. Some worship at the shrine of beauty. A youth said to me, "My creed is that of Anatole France. I worship Beauty as he did. All he asked for at the last was that a beautiful woman should close his eyes in death." Anatole France has lived the cult of self-expression, nothing is to stand between him and the expression of every desire. No wonder he sadly says, "Not for a single hour, not for a single moment have I felt happy; at least not since I was a child." Selfishness is suicide.

There are even cults of Neo-Platonism worshipping Psyche and Cupid. And spiritism lures the soul to its quackery and its quagmires. The confusion is as bad as when the mystery cults made their way into Rome at the time when the old was dying. Again the Gospel comes with freshness and surprise to the confused souls of men. "Who ever heard anything like that?" gasped someone at the close of a meeting in the hearing of a friend of mine, when nothing but Gospel simplicity had been presented.

Each evening in the after-meeting for personal surrender to Christ several hundred stayed; the last night not less than three hundred. It is true that some did not grasp the significance of what was going on. One reported that I had "held mass in the after-meeting!" That was the only religious language they knew, so they expressed it thus. But the sense of Divine power was real and living in these after-meetings. And many found new life.

When we came to that last meeting that last day both my interpreter and I were worn. We had talked for six and one-half hours that day to various gatherings, and we were tired but happy. I had averaged about four meetings a day, for the months I spent here, but new resources were given along the way. Again and again I had to remind the Heavenly Father of the railway trains of the United States having no time to stop they scoop up water as they go. I had to do the same, and it was always available!

As my boat pulled out at Valparaiso, at the dock where Methodists, Presbyterians, Salvationists, Theosophists, and a group of Roman Catholic public-school girls brought by a Theosophist teacher. They waved me to come back. I will! I feel as though I had just learned to approach these lovable folks of Latin America. I wish I could begin all over again. I think I would know what to do.

I BELIEVE that certain things lie clear before the Evangelical Movement in South America.

First, that the period of attack upon Roman Catholicism

has spent itself. There was a time when prominent men sat and listened to the terrific attacks of Protestants against Romanism. This period has gone by. It produced good Protestants, but seldom good Christians. The attack should be that "loving aggressiveness" of truth and reality. Modern education is wearing away Roman Catholic authority in South America far faster than Evangelicism is building something to take its place. Into that vacuum is rushing every cult of the world that promises intellectual and spiritual freedom. The Evangelical movement must pitch its battle at this place, it must get to grips with Theosophy. (I saw no evidence that they had begun to think through their Evangelical presentation in relation to Theosophy and kindred thought), and to the modern skeptical attitudes. If the Evangelical movement can answer the questions that cluster here, it will lead the future. If not, it will be a little eddy in a little cove of South American life with the great thought and action currents sweeping past it.

Second, the Evangelical churches must not be treated as ends in themselves. At least not to the degree now being done. It may be necessary for evangelicism to lose itself organizationally to find itself. What I mean is that too often have I found that the mentality of many Evangelicals was the type that insisted that the Evangelical movement be identified solely with the organized Evangelical churches, and were suspicious of anything that did not directly contribute to the building up of those organizations.

The fact of the matter is that if this is insisted upon, there is little prospect of Evangelical truth capturing the soul of the thoughtful people of Latin America in the near future. The Evangelical churches have been formed on the whole from the lower classes of society. The intellectual classes are not socially or intellectually at home here. But now, I question whether, with few exceptions, they would be fed spiritually in the churches we have at present. This does not mean that I belittle the churches nor that the churches have not a most useful function, nor that they will not continue to function effectively along the lines of the social and intellectual strata where they have been working, but if it is insisted that the leading thoughtful people identify themselves with them, or not get the Gospel at all, then I am afraid this will not happen—at least not in the near future. The Evangelical movement must now be willing to lose itself in order to find itself.

When Wesley found that the Established Church in his day was too wooden, too closely clamped to respond to his message, he took to the hillsides and public places, and homes as preaching places for his Gospel. The Evangelical movement must break out of its organization, must go to where men are and where men think, must make its pulpit on platforms and set up its altars in homes, and societies

of various sorts. And those on the inside must be behind those who break out, and get into theaters, public places and drawing-rooms to bring their evangel. And they must not be too anxious about statistics. The mind of Latin America must be first saturated with Evangelical truth before there can be a spiritual awakening on a widespread scale. Those that create that silent saturation must be looked on as valuable allies.

Third, a tentative half-approach to the cultivated mind of Latin America will not do. Those who put up the Gospel to these educated minds must not deal in indirection. It must be a straightforward putting up of the truths and the person that lie at the heart of our Gospel. Some years ago a Barrows lecurer came to India, and his Gospel was rather overheard than heard, implied rather than pressed home to mind and will. When asked my opinion as to whether another Barrows lecturer should come to India, I replied that I thought he should, but on condition that there be no halting half-presentation of the Gospel—that the Gospel be expounded and proclaimed without apology and without paralyzing hesitancy. One was sent on that basis and his hearing as he straightforwardly put up Christ was unprecedented.

It must be the same in Latin America. Theosophy is winning its adherents among the intelligentsia not by implication or insinuation, but by teaching its beliefs. We must present our Gospel in an intellectual framework that men can respect, and yet without any "pussyfooting." There are grounds for me writing thus, for one missionary speaking of an address that a Y. M. C. A. secretary gave on the topic "The Christ I Know" spoke of "the sheer courage of his speaking on such a topic before such an audience." But why not? I wonder if we haven't thought too much of the intellectual side of the intellectuals of South America. They are men—men with passions and failings and cravings, and while our Gospel must be intellectually respectable, it must be addressed to the will and emotion as well.

The fact is that we have been too much afraid of these classes. The Evangelical movement in South America, as elsewhere, needs courage. It must lay aside its inferiority complexes and boldly challenge the situation in Christ's name. Its message and method must be that of Paul: "We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Fourth. Before there is a real hearing for Christ in Latin America, He must be lifted out of the clash between Anglo-Saxonism and Latinism and between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. There is a wide-spread feeling that Protestantism is a form of Anglo-Saxon aggressive-

ness throughout the world. Romanism has not been slow to use this in effective propaganda. In some of our highly intelligent groups this feeling came out again and again. They felt that we were trying to impose Anglo-Saxonism upon them through trade; through our Caribbean policy, which they fear once established there will be pushed further south; and through our Protestant Missions.

We feel the absurdity of much of this, of course, and yet we must not present an Anglo-Saxon Christ identified with bare meeting houses, and austere furnishings. The Latin must be encouraged to keep his own soul and interpret Christ through his own genius and cultural inheritance. In that inheritance will stand out love of beauty and graciousness, lack of race prejudice, the ecumenical consciousness, and other qualities almost too subtle to catch in words, but that can be felt by contacts. Dr. Ricardo Rojas, the leading literary man of South America, still a nominal Catholic, expresses this longing when he inscribed his book "The Invisible Christ" with these words: "To the author of the Christ of the Indian Road is inscribed this book on 'The Christ of the Argentine Road.'" We must put our Anglo-Saxon civilization and our Protestant forms at the disposal of the Evangelical movement in South America asking them to take from them in a discriminating way what is good and beautiful and true, but insisting that these be not the issue—that Christ be the issue. Christ will never have the chance He might have until He be dissociated from these clashes between Anglo-Saxonism and Latinism and the systems of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. We must not match system with system, but Christ against human need.

On this basis it would be well to send periodically to Latin America some outstanding evangelical of progressive mind and deep devotion to Christ, similar to the Barrows lecturers for India, to deliver a series of lectures presenting an untrammelled Christ to the intellectual and moral and spiritual confusion of Latin America. The intellectuals of South America are sheep without moral and spiritual shepherds. As a consequence of this absence of moral restraint there is widespread collapse in moral life.

It is against this background of skepticism and moral collapse that the untrammelled Christ is to be presented in Latin America.

Finally, the Gospel must be presented to Latin America in more joyous terms. There is a sadness that runs through the whole of the religious life in these Republics. The pale, dead Christ on the Cross centers and symbolizes the faith that men hold. "All my people think and talk about is dying," said a thoughtful young woman to me one day.

The Gospel that appeals to Latin America must be a Gospel of joy. It is significant that the part of the Evan-

gelical movement that is spreading most rapidly in Chile is the Pentecostals. And the thing that is most attractive about them is their joy. The lower classes turn to them. They seem to offer something that lifts them from the dull and drab. Of course they could not appeal to the intellectuals, for they have no intellectual background, but they have what all life needs to find—a song.

This is what characterized early Christianity. Dean Church tells of "the solemn joy that throbbed through early Christian literature as one of the most solemn things in literature. The Gospel had convinced them that at last the routine of sin and vice had met its match and that men, not here and there, but on a wide-spread scale could attain to the hitherto hopeless thing for the multitude-goodness." We too must be "the children of that same strange rapture."

A skeptical directora, or principal of a Government high school, raised this craving for some joy at the center of life when she said to me "You have a song in your heart and Latin America dearly loves music. That is why we come to hear."

I could not have overcome the hesitancy of my heart to write the above had I not known that He was the center and spring of that song, and that in writing it I lay the tribute of my love at the feet of Him who put a song into my once-songless heart.

I congratulate the Christian workers in Latin America on the amazing field that lies before them. It constitutes one of the greatest fields for Evangelical Christianity in the world.

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